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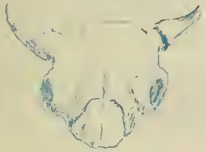

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M•P NEWS

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THE M. P. NEWS IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE MONTANA STATE PRISON, DEER LODGE, MONTANA, WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE WARDEN AND UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION. THIS PUBLICATION SERVES TO GIVE THE INMATE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND TO PROMOTE BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN PRISONERS AND PUBLIC. THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE THE WRITERS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION. EXCEPT AS OTHERWISE NOTED, PERMISSION FOR REPUBLICATION OF MATERIAL IS GRANTED. A COPY OF THE REPRODUCTION WOULD BE APPRECIATED. ADDRESS ALL MAIL, SUBSCRIPTIONS OR CHANGE OF ADDRESS TO: THE EDITOR, M. P. NEWS, BOX 7, DEER LODGE, MONTANA 59722.

A Member of the Penal Press

Volume VIII Number 6
April 1967

STIR-TIS-TICS

High Number	22 055	Low Number	14 550
Population Inside	321	Rothe Hall	182
Women's Quarters	8	Ranches	14
Misc. Trusties	5	Total	530

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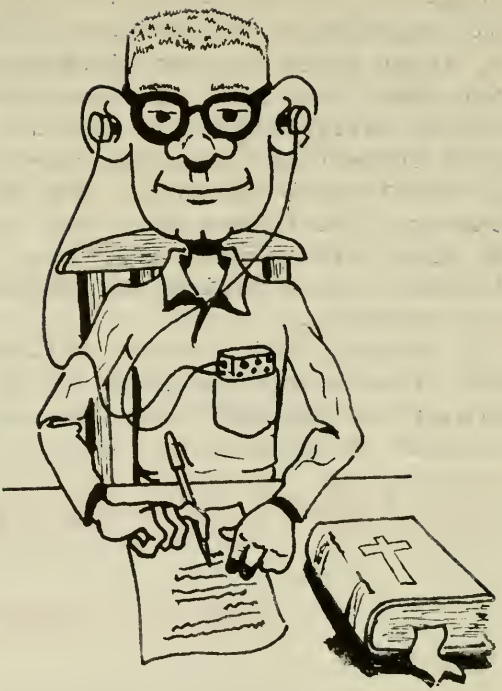
About the Cover

This month's cover is a watercolor executed by Dennis Wetzel. It was fortunate that the N. P. NEWS took this photo as Wetzel has ripped up the original. Why Den? Why?

the Editors Desk

Larry Dewey



The very first thing I want to do in this editorial is welcome Preston Davis to our staff. He will serve as our new associate editor and will definitely be an asset to our publication by offsetting the editor's optimism. Preston and I, as it will become apparent in future issues, recognize two different viewpoints concerning many of the items that will be written about in the M. P. NEWS.

This brings up the subject once again concerning articles. Almost any subject may be covered in this publication as long as the writer has an answer for what he writes against; I personally am not as adept at writing "negative" viewpoints.

This reminds me of a cartoon I saw of two teen-age girls walking around on a school campus. One of the girls was saying, "I developed an entirely new personality yesterday, but my father made me wash it off." It's true that I seldom write articles that are AGAINST things, and I doubt that I should start now. I prefer to use articles from people who can write the negative viewpoints somewhat more objectively than I. This makes Preston's value to our staff all the more apparent; he is sure to come up with some good rebuttals on some of the things I write.

Unlike the girl in the cartoon, not many of us can

completely change our personalities overnight. But in this magazine we can contrast different viewpoints. Also, least there be some misunderstanding, I want to mention that I'm not FOR everything and Preston is not AGAINST everything. For example, both Preston and I agree concerning having a Pre-Release Center in Montana and we disagree concerning the Half-way House program in Montana. Doubtless there are others inside these walls who also have various opinions. We want these opinions of yours, on a variety of subjects, so please send in your articles.

In closing this brief editorial, I now urge you to read Preston's Sub-Editorial by which those of you not already acquainted with him may get some idea of what his line of thinking is like:

SUB-EDITORIAL

PRESTON DAVIS

I have written this Sub-Editorial at least five times and have had to tear up every draft. The purpose of this article is to show why I am against the proposed Half-way House program as presented in our last issue of the M. P. NEWS. This is not an easy thing to explain. In order to give a full and complete explanation I would have to write a book. I think that the easiest way to break the problem down to its simplest form is to say that the program just will not work per se.

One thing that I do not want to do is to alienate the friends that the program has. We are in our present pathetic position now because of a lack of friends.

It is my hope that the committee concerned with this project will reconsider some aspects of the proposed program and come up with a more realistic approach.

Why do I think that the proposed program is unrealistic?

1. "The House would require a resident couple who would handle cooking, planning and maintenance; a resident counselor (preferably a clinical psychologist or psychiatric caseworker); additional help, not on the payroll, but available for semi-professional services, such as college upper-division or graduate students who

could assist as counselors, interviewers, research workers. The clientele would be expected to assume some of the tasks in the day-to-day operation of the House."

It is my opinion that it would be just as effective to have the "resident counselor (preferably a clinical psychologist or psychiatric caseworker)" meet the "client" at the bus depot to bid him bon voyage on his way through town. Such a skilled person's salary would hardly be warranted by the three to six weeks client exposure involved. The client would come to the Half-way House bearing a phantasmagoria of neurosis, phobias and so forth; a conglomerate of his past incarceration plus his original problem. The said counselor's efforts would be analogous to shooting a Rhinoceros with a pea-shooter. True, the program, or any program for that matter, is a step in the right direction and I did notice one very commendable point in the minutes of the last meeting: "That increasing insights be preserved and become useable, with this agency keeping records, and being allowed to advance with experimentation and proven updated concepts."

If the above is not the Half-way House Committee's creed, it should be. If it had not been for this concept Man would still be swinging by his tail from a tree, if he existed at all.

2. "Semi-professional services, such as college upper-division or graduate students who could assist as counselors, interviewers, research workers."

I cannot imagine much rapport between an ex-convict who has been through the mill and an upper division college student. I am sure that the student would have the best intentions in the world, but intentions are no substitute for knowledge in the field of human experience. The college student would be counseling a man who may very well have fought in the Korean War, been married once or twice, who may have walked, run, staggered, crawled and drug his way through a thousand barroom escapades. There is just not too much basis for understanding between them.

There is talk, talk, talk about the rising crime rate. Any paper that you choose to read is saturated with complaints about crime, the cost of crime, the effects of crime, the tragedy of crime, etc. Everyone complains <u>about</u> it, but no one seems to be interested in providing a solution <u>to</u> it. An old chestnut provides that you

shouldn't complain about a situation unless you are ready to provide a solution to the problem.

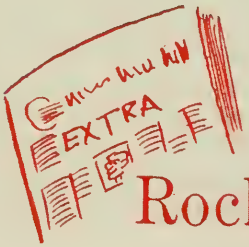
I think, as do many others, that prison is either responsible for, or is a contributing factor in, at least 50 percent of all crime. The reason for this is the indiscriminate intermingling of first offenders and old timers. Justice should remove the bandages from her eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.

What is needed is a Pre-Release Center at the prison. Actually, the prison should start preparing a man for his eventual release on the day that he is received at the prison. Beside public safety, what other function has a prison for the 40 percent that come back again and again?

I feel that the proposed Half-way House program, in comparison to the problem at hand, is comparable to offering a starving, raging Tiger a bowl of Pabulum. But then, I guess that a bowl of Pabulum is better than nothing.

If we cannot have a Pre-Release Center at the prison a Half-way House is the next best thing.

If an individual's capacities are not adequate, or they are so underdeveloped that the individual must be removed from liberty for a prescribed length of time, then it is very unlikely that that individual can do very much to straighten himself out without qualified help and access to suitable programs.



EXCERPT

Rocky Mountain News

Oakland, California (UPI)--There isn't a single revolving door in an old two-story brick building here run by the State Department of Corrections.

And that's how it should be because in the building an effort is underway to defeat the revolving door aspect of crime.

50 percent of all prisoners paroled in California go back to prison, leading many cities to claim that prisons don't end crime, but are merely "revolving doors" for a return to crime. But less than 11 percent of the paroled men who have lived in the old building have gone back to prison.

William Morris, 50, manager of the Community Correctional Center, thinks the first few months can make or break a parole.

"They can end up in some cheap hotel and get mixed up with the wrong crowd and land right back in prison," he said.

"What we want to do is give them a feeling of purpose, try to get them a job, give them a place to eat, sleep, and get adjusted."

The center is a pilot project that the state hopes to see grow to 22 centers.

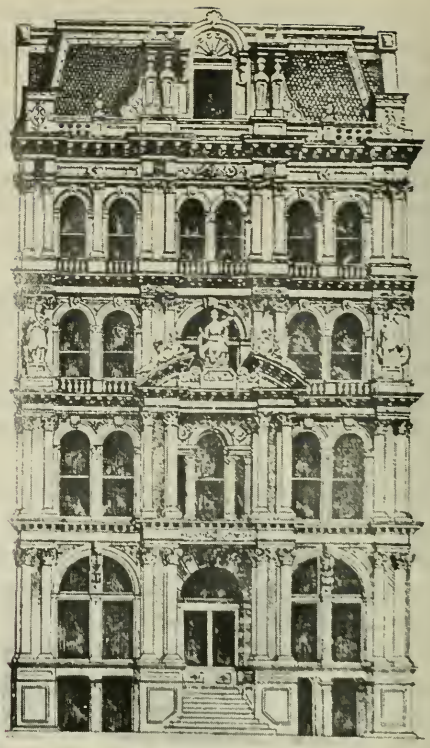
Morris said the center is the only one in the state and possibly the nation, with all parole facilities under one roof.

The 54 bed home has the usual "Halfway House" facilities, plus an out-patient clinic, two parole units and means for caring for former narcotic addicts. The center gets few easy cases.

Since it opened August, 1965 the center has received 133 men; of the figure, 14 percent had served sentences for homicide and 21 percent for robbery. They are men who have nothing to come out to, no jobs, no homes, no families Morris said. If it weren't for the center he said, many of them could fall back into the old ways; hanging out in Taverns with no place else to go.

Ed. Note: The libraries of the world are overflowing with ponderous tomes of rules, essays of order and the like. It seems to me that with all these litanies of logic mouldering on the shelves that society would be ashamed to admit that they were in possession of these palaces of penance called prisons and penitentiaries. The world can equip a man to go to Mars, but at the same time it can't equip a man to go out into the world and cope with it.

News in Brief



RIGHT:
ARCHITECTS DRAWING OF PROPOSED NEW RECREATION BLDG. TO BE ERECTED ON OLD CELL HOUSE AREA INSIDE WALLS OF M.S.P.

Vexing Vent Vanishes

"It took 25 years to appropriate sufficient money to install a ventilating system in the cellhouse, and we tore it out in one afternoon," so stated, Inside Construction worker, Curly Williams.

The removed ventilating system consisted of that tin apparition perched high on top the tiers and never used lately except for the occasional storing of Pruno.

Curly believes that a Dr. Powell was responsible for the ventilator being installed sometime around 1923 as a precautionary measure against another flu epidemic such as the one of 1918-1919.

PLENTIFUL POPCORN PROMISED

Mr. Gene Ronnemose, Recreation Director, informed the M. P. NEWS that a popcorn Machine has been perchased by the Inmate Welfare fund. Mr. Ronnemose said that the machine cost $350.00. Popcorn will be on sale in the yard on holidays. Ticket allowances have been raised from $1.00 to $1.50.

PATROLMAN NOW PAROLEMAN

Mr. Loren Harrison, age 27, former parole officer in the Missoula area, has been appointed as the new institutional parole officer. Mr. Harrison replaced Mr. Fred White who is now the Director of the Board of Parole and Pardons. Mr. Harrison is a former Deputy Sheriff, having served with the Missoula County Sheriffs office for four and a half years.

His matriculation consists of three and one half years of Law in Chicago and Los Angeles.

Mr. Harrison feels that the proposed Half-way House is one of the best projects for helping an ex-convict return to society.

Mr. Harrison has no sociological background;however,he stated that he has worked with the public for the last eight years.

Printing To Pack Press

Imminent plans call for the Print Shops move to the erstwhile Hobby Shop in the erstwhile School building which will move to the erstwhile Typing building which by that time will have moved to the erstwhile School. I am not too sure how all this is to be accomplished without some serious traffic accidents but one suggestion is that on the appointed day that the game of musical buildings is to take place that one of the tower guards could fire his muzzleloader in the air, everyone involved would grab a piece of furniture or equipment and run. The plan should work because most of us have, at one time or another, grabbed something and run as fast as we could, which sometimes wasn't fast enough, as is evinced by the fact that we are here.

The next edition of the M. P. NEWS will probably come out engraved on Leather because the Print Shop got mixed up with the Hobby Shop, but rest assured that it will come out.

Typing Transfer Tangible

The Typing Class, which is associated with the Registrar of Motor Vehicles will be moved in the near future to what is now the M.S.P. School. Partitions are being made to separate the different class rooms in their new quarters. The entrance to the school will be on the East end of the building as will be the office and school library. Present plans call for 13 or 14 classrooms.

Board of Pardons appointment made

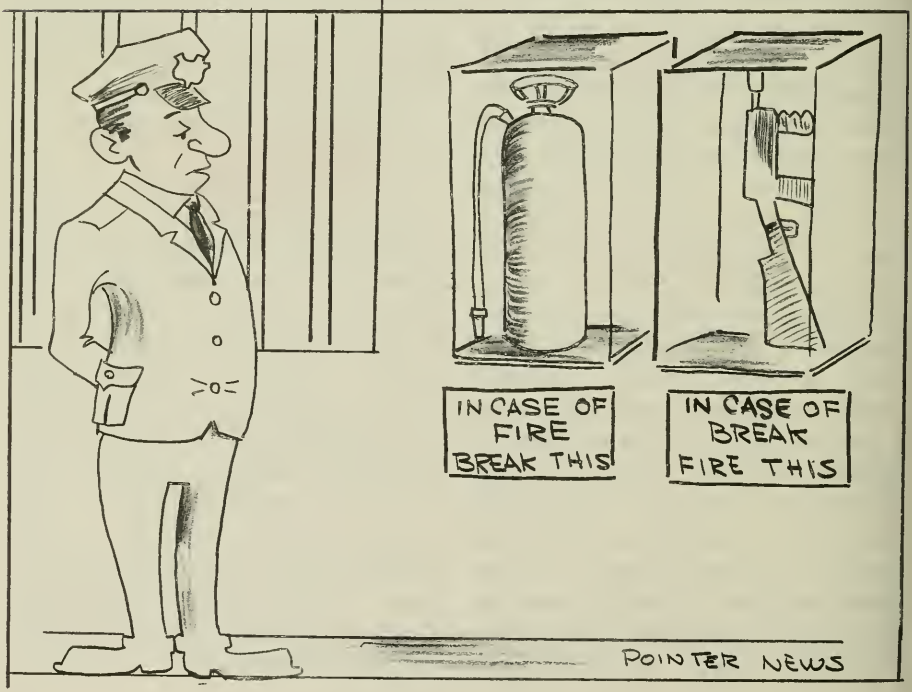
HELENA (AP)—The appointment of James W. Cunningham, Thompson Falls, to the State Board of Pardons, was announced Tuesday by the office of Gov. Tim Babcock.

A spokesman said Babcock made the appointment before he and pilot Bill Wyman left Helena last Wednesday on a flying trip abroad.

Cunningham will succeed R. H. Wiedman, Polson, who did not want to be reappointed at close of his term on April 1. Wiedman has been chairman of the board since he was appointed to it in 1960.

Other membess are Aliston E. Martinson, Missoula, and Dr. George A. Morrison, Great Falls.

Cunningham's six-year term will end April 1, 1973.



Jim Spurlock

Musical Hi-Lites

The word for everyone in the band this month is work, work, work. All are busy getting prepared for the Spring Variety Show to be held on April 16th in the Wm. Clark Theater here at the prison. The show will last one and a half hours and be for the public only (This show will be performed for the inside population from 3:30 to 5:00 about 3 or 4 days before the 16th.). It looks as if it's going to be one of the best held in many years. We're all hoping on drawing a large crowd.

The bands playing for the show will be the Pop,Western and Rock & Roll. In past years most of the music done at the shows was mainly in the Western field. As you can see, the public will be getting just about everything to satisfy everyone's taste. We're all counting on everyone going home satisfied.

Other news in the band corner is the new Voice of Music from track sterio-tape recorder coming on order. With all the new equipment that's been coming in the last 90 days we hope to be able to once again record some for the various radio stations around the state.

Fellows, we're always looking for good bass and sax men; so, if there is anyone that can play and is interested, all you've got to do is send a "kite" to Mr. Sewell--Band Director and state your desires.

SPORTS

Weinberger

With Spring having arrived, and softball season just around the corner, it looks as though the Inside is going to be on the short for ballplayers this season.

We have a few men back from last year's team, namely, Mutt Calflooking and "Beezy" Bain at the Catcher positions. Jerry Van Nuland at first. Willie Weinberger at Second and Pitching, George Yelloweyes at Shortstop and Pitcher, and Mike O'Rourke left Field.

From the looks of things at the present we have no real big sticks that can hit the long ball so we are hoping that some of the new meat incoming can provide us with a team that can give the inside a good showing.

If Rothe Hall has any kind of a team to back their pitching staff they can prove to be pretty "tuff". With Walt Wellman, Casey and Chris Shavehead performing the mound duties. However, will have more on the Softball scene next month.

Basketball got under way Saturday, March 25th. It's kinda late to be starting Basketball, but we do have a

drawback (Namely the lack of an inside Gym). So naturally having to play out-doors we can only do so when the weather permits.

In the opening games:

1. Misfits forfeited to the Laundry.
2. Kitchen forfeited to the Garment Shop.
3. The Laundry and Garment Shop played a game and it showed the Laundry coming out ahead by a score of 54-33. The Gunner for the Laundry was Henry Garcia with 17 pts. Ray Edie topped the scores for the Garment shop with 15 pts.

On Sunday, 26th, the Shoe Shop dumped the School team (69-41). Leading all scores was Wee Willie Weinberger with 33 counters, followed by Jerry Van Nuland with 28 pts. for the Shoe Shop. Top point getter for the School was Ben Lodge with 27 pts.

In the second game of the afternoon the Typing Class team working like a well oiled machine demolished the Laundry by a score of 107-64. Four of the starters for for the Typing Class team hit in double figures with "Breezy" Bain topping all of the scorers with 39 pts. followed by George Yelloweyes with 28 pts. John Michel and Sterling Wallace with 20 and 10 pts. respectively. High man for the Laundry was Dan Matt with 28 pts.

While I'm on the subject of Basketball I'd like to mention that the closest anyone came to the single game scoring record of 47 pts; set and held by George Yelloweyes in 1959 in the State Class "C" Tournament, was a product of George's home town of Ashland, Montana; his name is Limpey and he was only 10 pts shy of hitting 37 pts. in a single game.

NEWS NOTE:

Mr. Ronnemose said that $800.00 Dollars has been paid out this year for sports equipment. All of it has not arrived as yet, such as Mitts, Balls, Bases, Etc, But did you see all them brand new Tennis Shoes????????????

That is about all for Sports this month, Fans, hoping that I will have more to report on next month with the Basketball season in full swing and Softball getting under way. So--until next month;

Wee Willie Weinberger
World's Strongest Midget

The Pit and the Prophet

In his Satanic Majesty's realm there are a number of fire scorched, sulphur stained caverns, each shaped like a gigantic megaphone. These caverns were devised by Lucifer himself for the express purpose of keeping certain individuals amused. Said individuals (Convicts in their former life) will be chained to the large end of the cave and one of the Devil's bull voiced Imps will be seated at the small end with a microphone and an amplifier; and through-out enternity the Imp will scream over ond over,- "R A D I O ooooooooo."

And it couldn't happen to a nicer fellow.

[redacted]

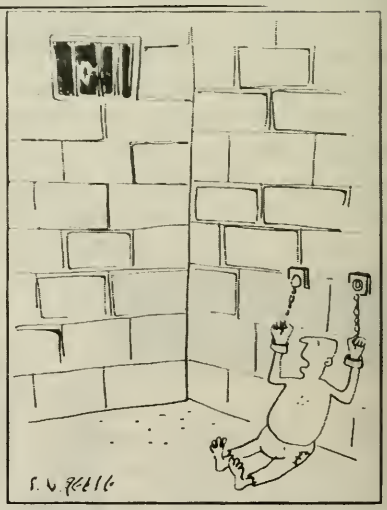
"DON'T CRY HONEY-MAMA WILL BUY YOU ANOTHER BATTLESHIP!"

THE Shadow

IMAGINE THAT - NO MORE FISH ON FRIDAY.

The Shadow saw George "Close the window!" Heiser distraught over loss of control...Dee Clark, from Chicken Coop, Mississippi, runs back to "Big Brother" Lee--couldn't stand the pressure...Joe "Muscles" Allen, Pat "Popeye" Doyle and Bob "Little King Kong" Moore searching frantically--and hopelessly--for the identity of the Shadow; Ha-Ha, fat chance!..."Pouting" Zoel Snow flees inside, the tears flow like wine...George "Put-Put" Moore trades in his laundry Honda for a mess of cement.. Fred Lowery giving up the guitar for school books and sounding a little better, but not much...A. D. (Martha) Leach, the BETTY CROCKER OF THE BIG HOUSE BEANERY, seen waiting on tables (Probably trying to steal the other girls' tips). For shame, Martha, we thought you were the working girls' friend...Denny "Bugsy" Martin, the World's Greatest Loser--at Coon Can...Is Cecil Chappell the Shadow?--Only the Shadow knows!...Mike "Counterfeit" Kennedy making noises like Clarence Darrow...The Shadow overhears "Bubbles" Carlson telling Mike "The Beat" Conners, "Man, just keep the beat and stay off the melody...Pete "Peter Rabbit" Demarais reminded by the Classification Board of his NOW YOU SEE ME--NOW YOU DON'T act that he performed for the exclusive entertainment of the Great Falls PD. Oh well, Pete, you didn't want to go to Rothe Hall anyway--Did you???..."Buzzy" Walker in attendance at school; decided to reinforce his shaky front?...Romance comes to Byron Gallagher--he loves his new parka!...Marked improvement in Bakery goods--"Hipster" Harv. went to School, "Digsby" O'Rourke to the Hospital...Ronald "Ragnar" Eskildsen, leader of the

Vikings, returns from forced labor...Is Mighty Willie Weinberger the Shadow?--Only the Shadow knows!...Model 24 Helicopters will be on sale at the Prison Commissary as of April 1st--Price: $47,000.00 plus tax. No checks or money orders...Preston "Revolving Door" Davis has a secret, but the Shadow knows!...Where has Leroy been?--The Shadow knows that too!..."Bugsy" Martin and "Bullwhip" Wagner arguing over who gets to light the match... Jay Butler does it again, ho-hum...Herman, The Duke of Pelkington, bends over backwards; the Shadow knows "Old Herm" still dreams about the Lone Ranger...Vern Boe getting thin on top, but not on the bottom...Herm "The Mudder" Cardinal still running the Recreation Show at Rothe Hall...The Oklahoma Nose creeping into the Garment Shop...Is Chuck Corliss the Shadow?--Only the Shadow knows!..."Hot Wire" Wenig declares running bankruptcy... Raymond "The Spider" Fava seen eating enough to founder a horse...The Shadow knows that "K. W." Wagner owned and operated a Karate School in Rome, Georgia; before that he was coach of the Two Dot Hot Shot's Pro Football Team; before that he was manager of the Watt's Globetrotters; before that he was a golf pro at the Hiroshima Country Club; before that he was just a Bum!...Is Raymond Koski the Shadow?--Only the Shadow and Doctor X know!...Five years ago the Shadow, alias the Creeper, saw Lee Driver and Hollywood arguing, and on the volleyball court was "Cry-baby" Cardinal, "Ears" Hill, Ol' John, and "Sloppy" Suki.



"Star light, star bright, first star . . ."

"I DON'T THINK 1 SHOWER STALL WILL BE ENOUGH."

the Holdup

One man - him broke,
Rain hard - him soak,
No food - no bed,
"Ketchum quick"- he said.
This man - steal gun,
No shells - but one.
Enough - him thought,
"Real smart - no get caught,"
In town - he sneak,
Watch bank - cross street.
If go in - have fight.
"Maybe rich - that night."
As gunman - him bum-
Fall down - with gun
When in door - he go.
D--n fool - stubs toe.
Cop man - him come,
Judge, jury - make fun.
This man - he cry
"Ketchum jail - I die."
Big house - many bars,
Many moons - no stars.
All he ketchum - on bunk;
Ten years - no drunk!

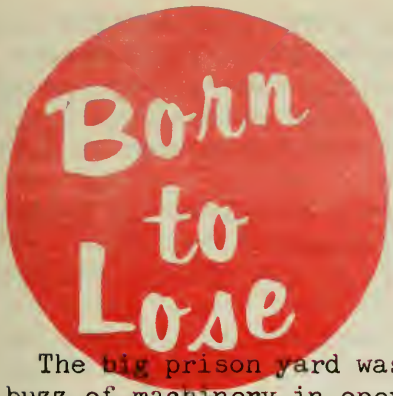
THE PILLAR

A Kentucky colonel walked into a posh restaurant one morning and told the waiter: "You-all can bring me a Louisiana breakfast."

The waiter was puzzled and said he didn't understand. The colonel frowned and said: "A Louisiana breakfast is a sirloin steak, a bulldog, and a quart of bourbon."

"But what's the bulldog for?" the waiter asked.

"To eat the steak, sir," the colonel thundered.



by **M.S.P.'s Foremost Author**

KARL WAGNER

The big prison yard was silent except for the hum and buzz of machinery in operation in different parts of the prison proper. Stanley Merchant, one-time bank robber serving a sentence of "LIFE" for the murder of a bank teller during his last bank robbing spree in the late 1940's, was standing in the door of the laundry looking at a group of sparrows and English starlings, which were just then hopping about in the yard. He appeared to have no other concern at the moment.

Zip Larson, another long termer, was lingering in the door to the tag plant watching Merchant as if he were fascinated.

Merchant waved his hand at Larson as if to salute him, and Larson waved back. The coast was as clear as it was ever likely to be. Larson left the door way and sauntered casually toward the laundry, although this was a violation of the prison rules and if he were caught without a pass he would be summarily hailed before the Deputy Warden and the prison Disciplinary Board for disciplinary action. However, he made the laundry without being hailed by a guard and disappeared into the laundry with his cohort, Stan Merchant. This was to be the big day for the two of them to do a disappearing act from the place they had been calling home for so many years, which was also in violation of the prison rules, as well as the laws of the state and federal governments.

Inside the laundry the two men quickly went to work on a large man-hole cover locked with a big Corbin lock. Zip Larson was, if he was anything, an exceptionally good lock picker, as well as a pete man (safecracker).

Using a home-made pick and tension bar he soon had the lock open, and the large, iron, man-hole cover was removed.

This particular man-hole was located behind one of the

laundry washers and the guard on duty could not see the two men as they worked industriously at their escape. Climbing into the man-hole was tricky due to the seepage from the laundry drains, which made the concrete slippery, and neither man could afford to be injured in this most unlikely to succeed venture.

The tunnel was narrow and stank of mildew and dirty, soapy water, and a form of mold grew on the walls and floor. Feeling their way as best they could, the two men spoke not a word in the darkness.

About fifty feet into the tunnel, they ran into the first of two iron-barred grill gates with huge, rusty pad-locks on them.

The very darkness was stifling in the tunnel, to say nothing of the air they were forced to breathe. "Can you pick these locks, Zip," Stanley Merchant asked quietly, "or will we have to knock them off?"

"Let's bust them and get out of this mucky place," replied Zip. "I brought a jimmie with me just in case we run into something like this."

"Well, let's get it goin' then, so we can get out of this stinking place."

Larson quickly used the jimmie on the old and rusty lock, which gave way readily to resistance. Gingerly they crept forward in the blackness, running their hands over the walls for balance because of the slipperiness of the wet and moldy floor. "We're about to the end of the laundry wall," Merchant said, a little loudly in the confines of the tunnel, "so it can't be much farther to the river."

At the end of the laundry wall they came to the second iron-barred grill gate. Just the same way, and as quickly, this gate was forced by the two desparate escapees.

Some twenty feet further and they came to the large sewer line running parallel to the walls of the tunnel. This sewer line was some four feet in diameter and had a large "T." One side of the "T" was the out-let and the other was the inlet or trap side. On the "T" was a capped and bolted square plate designed to allow the plumbers to use their snakes when it should become stopped up.

Feeling over this plate, Merchant brought his wrench into action, and he was in a hurry, because this wrench was the only one of its type allowed in the laundry and

was very much in demand by the grease monkeys.

After what seemed an eternity to the two men, the plate was removed and enough space uncovered to allow two men of small stature to climb into the sewer pipe itself. Merchant took the lead, because it was his idea and, again, because he was the larger of the two. The inside of the pipe was slimy and stank with the stench of a hundred toilets, garbage and soapy water. Air was certainly deficient in the sewer, and the two men gasped for every breath they inhaled. Imperceptibly, the pipe grew smaller as they wormed their way forward; neither of them noticed this, however, because the reducer pipe was a skillfully completed job by one of the prison welders. Light came to them after a very short time and with it a measure of fresh air and a shaft of sunlight.

Merchant came to the incline in the pipe and wiggled and sweated his way over the slight hump in the pipe. Sliding forward, he came face to face with the greatest obstacle possible to imagine in the history of the world. The opening into the river was only twelve inches in diameter.

Before he could say a single word, Zip Larson's head crashed into his feet, and both men were trapped in a sewer pipe that they could neither get out of nor even turn around in.

The prison wild-cat, a steam whistle that rose to a loud piercing shriek and then dropped to a low whine, went off. Even if they could manage to get back through the pipe they would face stern disciplinary action for their efforts to escape. However, it may be hours before their discovery, maybe even days, Merchant thought to himself. "We better holler, I reckon, and hope someone is near enough to hear us, or we're both dead," he said to his companion.

With taht they began to holler, and their voices were muffled and eerie inside of the sewer pipe. Their hollering was heard by a labor crew cutting weeds on the river bank, and then it was just as suddenly slienced as six thousand gallons of sewer water was discharged into the pipe.

And once again an escape plot was foiled, not by the prison officials or by any living person, but by a quirk of fate and bum information of the prison grapevine, which said this was "a lead pipe cinch"...

PASSI
AN

Paul G

With the death of
Montana State Prison e
an era. When he came
automobile was still
were scarcely heard of
was sentenced to serve
Montana State Prison.
was the District Court
the Judge was the Hr
date was March 2nd,
First Degree Murder.

Pete, or "the Champ
to see the days of the
also the use of dogs w
wasn't always easy.

G OF
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Eitner

. G. (Pete) Eitner the
ienced the passing of
Montana in 1914 the
novelty and airplanes
Four years later, Pete
e at hard labor in the
e place of sentencing
Custer County,Montana;
able J. C. Smith; the
; and the crime was

he became known, was
in gangs pass by, and
the road gangs. Life

Pete, like all convicts are apt to do, began to dream but his fantasies changed his world; no longer was he an imprisoned man--he was the king and the prison was his kingdom. In this world Pete gained a serenity and peace that few ever know, and his world was one of accomplishment and endeavor--a world of challenge and fulfillment.

The Print Shop enjoyed his patronage and printed his company checks, emblazoned with the name of EITNER ENTERPRISES, INC. With these checks Pete solved the problems of the world--feeding the poor, the hungry nations, fighting wars against unjust dictators, and with his infinite millions and a sweep of his mighty pen made decisions that would stagger the average man. No wonder his finest tribute came in the words, "He left a world of friends!"

In a dignified, quiet service Father Stephen Tallman, assisted by his predecessor as M. S. P. Catholic Chaplain--Father Malacha Beatty, celebrated Requiem Mass for the repose of Paul G. (Pete) Eitner. There were two inmate acolytes, and the Catholic choir sang for the High Mass. The six men most responsible for taking care of Pete at the Prison Hospital for the past year served as pall bearers.

The service held on Thursday, April 6th, found over 250 men from inside the walls and Rothe Hall, both inmates and custody personnel, in attendance at the Clark Theater, which is used for religious services inside the prison.

Following the ancient burial service of the Roman Catholic Church, Father Tallman related the story of Job to indicate that there are many questions concerning life and death we should like to know the answers to but cannot know at this time. He went on to speak of the Christian belief of the resurrection, and that Pete Eitner believed in God and the Christian faith.

75 employees of the Montana State Prison attended the service held at the graveside in the Deer Lodge Cemetary Both services were embellished by banks of flowers. Mrs Alice Morris, niece to the departed, sent flowers from Elizabeth, New Jersey. Among the flowers were eight large, symbolic arrangements---two of them symbolizing the broken wheel of life. They were beautiful, colorful, artistic, and meaningful as they lay on the grave. The many bouquets were given to the prison hospital following the services.

One facet of the men's esteem for Pete Eitner was reflected by the $203.75 collected in his memory. Of this money, $100 has been set aside for the purchase of a grave monument and $15 for a bronze plaque with which to identify a new, proposed Recreation Hall in his name, the remainder being spent for flowers.

For many at the Montana State Prison, Pete was more than a man--he was a legend. The man has departed; his long exile of half a century is over--but the legend remains!

LES BELLES

Evelyn Olson

To fill you in on the happenings on this side of the street:

This time Mary has really vacated the premises for Minnesota. But we didn't have to put up our No Vacancy Sign. Two new arrivals came shortly after, Victoria and Mary (No, Mary hasn't come back so soon; this is a new Mary).

Push the Mail aside, Marylin, and tell Evelyn where Mary put her dust rags.

Dorothy is still busy Cooking, or shall we say faking it pretty good.

Naomi is our new House Keeper. If she'd only dust the ledges instead of the ceiling. Oh well, it takes time, Naomi.

Leona is filing and singing, or maybe I should say the next best thing to singing.

Well, that's all the news at our house UNTIL NEXT MONTH!!

Evelyn Olsen

SAMUEL

John Mantz

Samuel was different. He knew it and he hated it. As he stood by the front gate watching the other boys head for the river and a day of fishing and swimming, he caught himself silently hating them too for excluding him from the fun.

Oh, he didn't really hate them...but when you're only five years old, and the only kid in the family, it's hard not to feel resentment when everyone shuns you all the time. My gosh, the way everyone acted you'd think it was his fault he'd been born different. Didn't they know that he hated it too?

Everytime anything went wrong in the village, everytime anyone got hurt, or sick, or died, he, Samuel Hagel, was the one who got blamed. It just wasn't fair!

Just thinking about it all brought angry tears to his eyes. As he stood watching the figures of the boys recede in the distance Samuel heard the funny voice inside his head saying, "I wish they would get drowned, all of....." Panic gripped him as the thought came clear to him. He clenched his fists and shouted, "No! No!," but it didn't do any good; it never did. Heartsick, he turned and tramped moodily to the front porch.

The old, white Tomcat, Jasper, watched his approach with narrowing eyes. Samuel and Jasper had been close friends in the old days. Then, as Jasper grew up and was no longer a fluffy little kitten, the relationship had changed. Maybe it came about because, being an animal of the lower order, the cat had instinctively known the truth about him. Anyway, from that time on the friendship had ceased. The other animals in the village reacted the same way whenever he got around them. Now Jasper sat on the porch, spitting angrily at his former friend's approach.

"Bad old cat!" Samuel suddenly jumped toward the crouching, snarling animal. With bared teeth and glaring eyes Jasper held his ground for a moment and then, with a terrified squall, bound under the house. Samuel wanted to do something mean to the cat, but he knew that if he did he'd just be in more trouble, and he already had enough as it was. Once he had taken control and "climbed" Jasper clear up to the top of a big Fir tree. It had taken his father all afternoon to get the cat down. One of these days he was going to "walk" that darned cat right under a car or truck!

Suddenly his mother appeared at the front door. It was Saturday, and that meant house-cleaning and washing and all that kind of stuff. Maybe she would let him help for a change.

Samuel loved his mother. She knew he was different too, but she still tried to help him all she could. She had known the truth about him almost from the very first, he was sure of that. But, with a mother's love, she had tried to shut her eyes to it and had protected him.

"Want some help, Mom?" Samuel was suddenly happy at the thought of having something to do. It got awfully lonely playing all by yourself.

His mother shook her head and said, "No, dear, you go ahead and play."

She was probably thinking of the other times he'd "helped." Hell, you could hardly blame her for saying no. After all, things didn't always turn out the

way he had them planned. Like the time he had decided to help his father [illegible] the wood. He had been only three years old at the time, so it really wasn't his fault.

At breakfast one morning his father had expressed the wish to have the tree on the truck. That's exactly what he'd said. "I wish that tree was on the truck," and that's exactly what he got. How was a three year old boy supposed to know the darned Oak tree was supposed to be cut up into small pieces first and then loaded onto the truck? The truck had fallen all apart when he had "loaded" the big Oak tree onto it. He'd been lucky that time. No one could figure out just what had really happened. What made it really bad was that the truck was parked about a hundred feet from the tree when he had done it.

Later on though, as the years passed and more and more strange things happened that the villagers couldn't explain, they had begun to look at him and whisper among themselves.

Since he was different, Samuel didn't go to school with the rest of the kids; but that didn't make much difference. He had "looked" at all the books in the village library and had been disappointed when he found that none of them, not even the big ones, had anything in them that he didn't already know.

For a long time Samuel had been trying to figure out some way to let the people know just who he was and what he could do for them. Sometimes he passed a whole day just daydreaming about all the good things he could do for them, if only they'd let him do it. No one would ever have to work again. Nobody would ever get sick again. In fact, nobody would even have to die again if they'd just let Samuel "take over." But they were a funny bunch. They seemed to be afraid of him, and the voice inside his head told him that they had to ask for the help themselves; he wasn't supposed to offer it first. Fine and dandy, but how could you ever help anyone when they were scared stiff of you?

Samuel might have figured out a way someday, if only the boys hadn't all been drowned at the river that one afternoon. Might have, I say, because Samuel isn't in the village anymore. He disappeared from the face of the earth that same hot October afternoon, right after the bodies were found by old man Duncan.

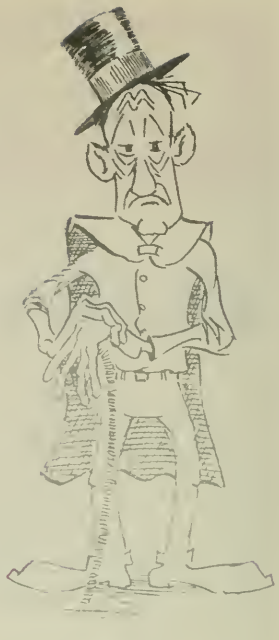
The way I heard it, old man Duncan had been looking along the riverbank for his milk cow and had stumbled onto the boys, all drowned in the swimmin' hole. He had run all the way back to the village, shouting the bad news at the top of his lungs, and that's when it had happened.

The father of one of the drowned boys had gotten a queer look in his eyes and had run lickety-split to his house. When he returned he had a shotgun with him and was yelling something about how he was "gonna put an end to the trouble once and for all!" Samuel's father had jumped in front of him and said, "I know how you feel, Fred, but he's my boy and I'm not going to let you hurt him."

Well, just about then Samuel came out on the front porch and just stood there watching everybody. Fred Watson was yelling and screaming that he was going to "shoot the darned little monster" and then Samuel pointed his little fist at Fred and said something that nobody could understand and Fred was gone! Just like that! One minute he was standing there with the shotgun and the next minute he was gone and the shotgun was lying on the ground! People just kind of melted away, if you know what I mean. Then Samuel went into the house and kissed his mother "goodbye" and disappeared.

Nobody has ever seen him since. They get together sometimes on rainy, wintery days and talk about him and speculate about where he went and all. I could tell them, but I won't. Why should I? I get along fine with everyone in the village, and I like it that way. Someday things will be different and then I'll be able to tell them about Samuel and me, and about all the things we could do for them if they'd only let us. Being Samuel's "little brother," so to say, I was sent two years after he left, I could tell them a lot--like who he was and where he went--but I won't just yet. Besides, they've never heard of the Planet Thargo in the Galaxy Nima anyway.

The Critic



Preston Davis

In the Clark Theater's first stage presentation of the 1967 season, the Bishop's Players of Burbank, California presented, "Do You Know the Milky Way?," a highly symbolic drama by Karl Wittlinger.

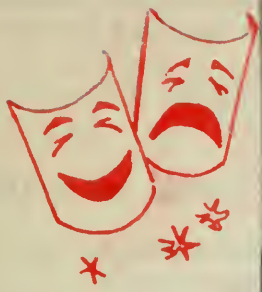
Dr. Neuross was played by Robert Cameron; Man by Ronald Comer, who is making his debut with the company this year, and a most versatile Nurse Gabrelle was portrayed by Miss Ilene Botnick.

A complete lack of props and poor stage conditions were somewhat offset by fair pantomime. Miss Botnick in the flashback roll of the village clerk was all too human as she wove her web of Red Tape and Stainless Steel civic servitude.

Diablo as played by Robert Cameron was a man that we all have known at some time or another and been the poorer for it.

Ronald Comer as "Man" was believable as he came home to find his inheritance planted with someone else's Cabbage. That is an affliction that has an infinity for Ex-convicts and for that reason we could identify with "Man."

I felt that the play could do with the services of a writer; but for that matter, so could this column.



Right:
Ronald Comer,
Ilene Botnick,
Robert Cameron

The S & G Bag?

A man went to see a psychiatrist to be cured of his habit of collecting spaghetti. He told the doctor that the spaghetti was cluttering up his living room.

"Why don't you put it in the closet?" asked the psychiatrist.

"I can't do that," was the indignant reply. "That's where I keep my meatballs."

"Some women sure are lucky," Mrs. Smith remarked to a

neighbor. "Take Mrs. Peters, for instance. Her husband is perfect in every way. I sure wish my man was perfect, don't you?"

"Not on your life," declared her neighbor. "I'm glad my Jim isn't perfect...I like to nag."

A determined young lady strode into a bank and walked straight to the paying teller's window.

"I want to know how much money my husband drew out of this bank last week," she said in an angry voice.

"I'm sorry, madam," said the teller, "but I cannot give you that information."

"But you're the paying teller, aren't you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said the teller blandly, "but I am not the telling teller!"

Harry was in his late fifties and balding, and his birthday was nearing. His wife asked him what he'd like for the occasion.

Glancing slyly at her, he replied, "Well, I think I'd like a gorgeous girl, about 19, blond and curvaceous and ....."

As he paused, searching for the right word, his better half suggested, ".....and blind?"

"Smith's name must be pretty high on his auto dealer's new car list."

"How can you tell?"

"He's allowing his wife to drive the old one."

A careful driver approached a railroad crossing. He stopped his car, looked carefully and listened. All he heard was the car crashing into his back fender.

The jungle Olympics were over and a dejected cheetah sat on the sidelines, having failed to cop any of the prizes.

"I can understand having lost the other events," he said to another Cheetah who had also failed to win anything, "but I thought since we're supposed to be so fast that surely we'd win the races. Imagine, being outrun by an elephant!"

"Well, that's the way it goes," his friend said philosophically. "Cheetahs never win."

TRUTH or FALLACY

Don Phillips

Prison journalism provides a means of representation for the inmate body it serves, based on personal conception of any given subject. As a rule both staff and reporters of such magazines eanestly try to keep within the realm of authenticity unless otherwise stated. But occasionaly items where supposition replaces fact is written at random for the sake of publicity. Their interest in writing at all is an encouraging factor but to the veteran newsman, mis-representation is an unforgiveable sin and opens the gateway to constructive critisism Such occasion occured in the February issue of the M.P. News.

After seven years plus confinement at Deer Lodge State Prison I found myself deeply amazed upon reading the poetry rendition by a Joe Johnson entitled "The Hospital". Knowing the author to be a staunch supporter of A.A. philosophy and other progams, it is presumed such enlightening, tho prevaricative, information was gained thur the "Various Physicians" referred to in verse 16. Such brazen implications pertaining to unskilled and unqualified inmate personnel assigned to infirmary tasks of menial importance is unsupported by administrative policy and the State Board of Health. Surely the unperturbed sleep of many has been interrupted thur such morbid and non-sensical language. Consideration instead of rudeness might also have been displayed in verse 13 in reference to Dr. Tooke and Dr. Bergen. Such outstanding public servants in the Dental and Optometry professions have proven their genius and ability over many years while serving the prisoners' needs. The accomplisments of either gentleman were not derived under the tutorship of "Billie Scott" as so carelessly stated.

Since the first issue of M.P.News appeared in 1959 under editor Frank Dryman our news media has steadily progressed towards a higher goal in journalistic fields of achievement. If we are to attain such hights of pop-

ularity, sinceriness and non-political support from the inmate body, truth will be the deciding factor. Regardless that our name has been changed to a number and our home but a prison cell, no better opportunity prevails for preparing ourselves, both educational and integrity wise, for the future lies ahead.

In the early morning hours of March 28, 1967 Don Phillips died in the Montana State Hospital.

Don was associated with this paper for a long time serving as a sports reporter, reporter from the old Compound, Rothe Hall, and contributing numerous articles from inside the walls. For many years he was the author of the columns, "This I Say," and "Across The Back Fence."

Shortly before he had this last fatal heart attack he submitted this preceding article. We of the M. P. NEWS will miss him.

CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT TO, THIS IS THE WAY THEY DRESSED ME OUT AT THE PRISON

"That's The Most Orderly Fire Drill I've Seen. You Did Order It, Didn't You?" VIA PRESS

In Defense Of Nothing

Anon.

It has recently come to my attention that there are numerous hard-core defectors in the ranks of our group here at the academy. I realize that this may at first glance appear inconceivable to the average member of the fraternity of felons, but, alas, it is all too true. A small minority either believe, or wish to believe that they believe, that they should forsake the cause; forsake a way of life that is precious indeed to the majority of our members.

It is difficult to determine with any accuracy whether this heresy is the result of the smear campaigns which have been launched against the Society of Spongers by various well-intentioned, but ill-advised members of the fanatic fringe elements of the Great Society, or the effect of some sort of mass hallucination similar to that suffered by those poor fellows who indulge in psychadelic drugs or imagine they see wanderers from outer space flitting about the countryside in outlandish aircraft. Needless to say, such delusionary deviation from the accepted norm poses a threat to the future security of the entire group.

To those of us who have devoted ourselves to this particular way of life, a way of life that is gloriously free of all the hindrances and discomforts which plague the inhabitants of the mundane world outside these walls this trend toward the final abolition of maximum security prisons is a danger which cannot be ignored. Imagine, if you can, the insidious treason that is present in the very nature of any of our group who would actually welcome this radical innovation which is presently enveloping the country in its terrible tentacles, and which its misguided adherents choose to inappropriately designate as the "live-in, work-out" plan. Conceive, if you can, of a truly dedicated drone from humanity's hive foregoing all the carefree pleasures of daily life in a maximum security prison; a life where one is never asked

to, or permitted, to make a decision or assume any sort of responsibility for his own behavior, or for anything else; and all for the sake of the one thing that has ever been the bane of the professional ne'er-do-well actually working at some sort of gainful employment! Certainly, had any of us ever harbored any such imbecilic aspirations, that myopic individuals could have readily committed this sort of folly without contaminating the group. Surely a person who is thus afflicted with madness could just as easily have lived, say, in a boarding house or at the Y.M.C.A. and commuted to the sweat-shops from there, thus sparing the true-believer the agonizing pain of being forced to observe the dolt as he commits this sacrilege. We can only hope that a return to reason will quell this sudden upsurge of knavish disrespect for our most hallowed traditions: that the sensible conservatives among us will in some manner manage to restore a semblance of sanity and order in our disordered ranks.

Be not deceived by the blandishments of those who would lead you from the groves of tranquility out onto the rocky thoroughfares of competitive endeavor. It is your right and privilege to enjoy your immunity from taxation, debt, the burden and boredoms of family life, and appearing on T.V. panle shows, for the full period stipulated by the sentencing court. Insist upon being allowed to revel in the elysian fields of non-existence to the last hour prescribed by law. Your position as a menber of the "In" and "Up" group is at stake. Beware, lest you suddenly find yourself in a drab and colorless world where no one ever tells anyone else to "Line up," "Shut up," "Button up," "Close up," "Hurry up," "Back-up," "Straighten up," "Get up," "Wash up," "Move up," "Dummy up," or to "Lay in," "Get in," "Stay in," "Fall in," or "Write in."

It cannot help but be apalling to the rational members of our group when they see some naive soul sally forth Galahad-like into the gladiatorial arena of life outside these sacred precincts. This child-like behavior of the would-be emigre' is a reflection on the mental ability of each of us. Here is a man imbued with a moronic belief that chivarly is <u>not</u> dead, that fair play did <u>not</u> expire with button shoes, venturing forth in quest of he knows not what, wandering unarmed and unprepared into the atavistic melee of life in a society which does little aside from engaging in election riots, civil rights

disturbances, protest meetings, large and small wars, and the never-ending national automobile marathon which will probably eventually kill more people than the Bomb and the Pill combined. The person who thus defects and does not immediately demand to return to the sane realm of our sanctuary must inevitably meet, first with rejection by those who are only too well aware of the fact that he is not, and never can become, one of them; and finally with eventual mental, emotional, and physical destruction at the hands of the alien group.

Where else, for example, can any one of us have any real sense of belonging to anything worthwhile than among his own kind? It is evident that the foxes have never joined the hounds save under extreme duress, and then only after a long, grueling chase. It is to be doubted that any one among us could ever attain to anything like equality in any fraternal order beyond the confines of our own world. One might enjoy a temporary Barnum-like popularity with certain of the more fantastic religious sects, and might even become the stellar attraction on the program of one of the "self-help" (or "help yourself," as the case may be) societies that abound in the Joiners Republic outside these walls, but the novelty of such tent-show exhibits soon fades, and they are duly replaced by other freaks and oddities. No, there is no place in Solomon's Temple for Humanity's wayward sons, and it is beyond my understanding how any member of our band could believe that he would ever be anything but out of place in such surroundings.

The popularity of the various other-worldly cults is transient indeed, and one would in all probability soon discover himself to be the sole surviving member of, let us say, the Sons of Satan were he to be so foolish as to ally himself with any such organization. It is not in the nature of the dedicated professional wrong-doer to systematically practice yoga, engage in the antics of the dervishes, or carry a dusty prayer rug around with him on which to prostrate himself several times each day while he recites the sacred chanteys to one of the deities which require such attentions. It is doubtful that one of us could remember the litany long enough to recite it in the prescribed manner in any case, and in all likelihood an improper recitation would bring down the wrath of the Olympians upon the head of the offender, as well as cause the divine fires to consume any

innocent by-standers who might have unwittingly strayed into the vicinity of the transgressor. There are far too many obstacles in the path of the aesthetic for any one of our group to succeed in the field of religion. While any one of us might do a passable job of meditating upon the contours of well-rounded femininity, few of us have the patience that is essential to the well ordered contemplations of his own navel, or of his great toe, either, for that matter. And the prospect of adopting a fetish which expressly forbids one's stepping on, or in any other way physically injuring, the multitudes of creeping, crawling, slithering, or flying vermin which infest inhabited sectors of the world and render life intolerable by virtue of their malign presence, is unthinkable. Suppose one of the militantly aggressive members of the denomination were to discover that before your conversion you once owned a fly swatter? I can easily visualize the Inquisitors of the Order condemning any such heretic to an auto de fe wherein the penitent is scourged to death by sow bugs, or worse.

On the other hand it is significant that one who so desires, and who is willing to risk being contaminated by those creatures from without our monastery, can readily become a full-fledged, fully accredited, brass bound, dyed-in-the-wool, one hundred percent card carrying member in any one or all of those fraternities which exist for the citizens of our world. In these chautauqua type groups we will be accorded every privilege and courtesy, if any, that is extended to any other member. One can, if one is so inclined and has the added advantage of possessing a major impairment of his auditory faculties, enlist in one of the singing societies. Even the rankest novice who is unable to differentiate between a hymn and a hyphen can,by dint of diligent applications, in due time receive the accolade of his fellow minstrels should he persist in this noisy form of lunacy.

I admonish all my fellows to reject the fool's flag which is proffered to them by those who would separate us from the only world in which we can ever have peace-of-mind. This marvelous Mardi Gras of which we are the nucleus was set in motion by a benevolent bureaucracy which intended that we should enjoy life in the Republic at no cost to ourselves. This magnificent year-long Saturnalia of Mountebankery was designed solely to give

us a free ride through what could otherwise prove to be a very frustrating and unrewarding life.

Thus, I appeal to you, my fellow misfits--do not betray your benefactors. Cling with dedicated perseverance to the bounty that is yours by right of your having got here first. Demand that the moralists and exponents of justice, both secular and divine, adhere to their original policy of providing you with food, apparel, and lodging at their own expense. Do not exchange your mortgage free, worry free, idyllic way of life for the fetters of the wage slave who actually works.

It is well to recall that while crime does not pay, and the wages of sin are death, the hours are good, and everyone from the greatest to the least; moralist and charlatan alike; will be a long time dead come sunset.

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LA BARGE JAYCEES

COMMUNITY BETTERMENT

THROUGH

PROJECTS AND ACTIVITIES

MONTANA

JAYCEE MEMBERSHIP
by Leroy Schleining

There are dozens of reasons why inmates drop their Jaycee membership. These range all the way from job transfers to simply being "burnt out" on the organization. The most common reason for dropping their membership, however, is based around a general lack of interest. The chief reason for lack of interest is a failure to participate in Jaycee activities.

This Jaycee chapter has offered a challenge to all members to remain active as Jaycees. This is supposed to be an organization to at least better the individual's characteristic values. The rest is left up to the member's desire to be a Jaycee, and this can be accomplished through enthusiasm. Enthusiasm displayed among some members will influence others who have been dormant. For any members who have been dormant, "Spoke," "Spark," and "Speak-Up" programs and future project participation will make your membership truly meaningful for the first time. If a member of this chapter strives to improve his goal of achievements and accomplishments, he is making a useful contribution to the La Barge Jaycees.

Remember: A member's enthusiasm is a prime factor to consider for any successful organization. Don't you think that it is at least worthwhile to accomplish something while in this place, even if it's the smallness of nothing?

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ELECTION RESULTS

On Monday evening, March 13th, the La Barge Jaycees held their annual election

of local officers for the coming year. There was a very good turn-out; 75% of the voting membership was in attendance. The results are:

President----Lee Schleining
1st V. P.------Tracy Morrow
2nd V. P.------Bill McClure
Exec. Secretary--Gene Grant
Treasurer-----Ronald Wilcox
Public Relations
Director---------Don Cain

These men are, for the most part, all experienced members and will put everything they have into the year ahead. With these men, "we're gonna motivate for '68!"

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A GREAT ORGANIZATION
by Dave Crenshaw

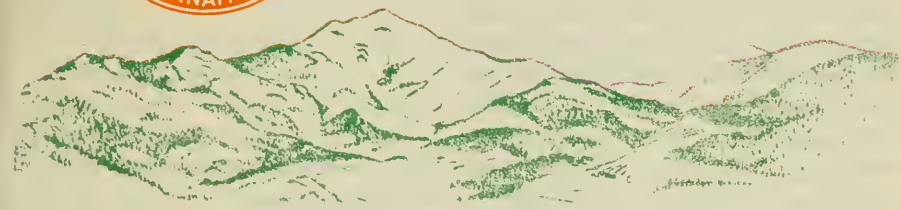
I have been asked to do a write-up on a great organization. Now this in my mind cannot be questioned, but I know that a few of you will. This is true in all situations. What am I talking about? The Jaycees, of course!

I, myself, have not been a La Barge Jaycee long--about a month--but I do know that the Jaycees' main goal is to help their community. What is our community? Well, that's the area behind these stony walls around us. It isn't a big community, about 350 persons make it up, but at least it can be called a community.

Now, let's see what the La Barge Jaycees have done to help their community. One thing is the pet project called OPERATION HELP. This is a project where any parolee having trouble in finding a job for release is helped to find one. No, we don't say that you will get one for sure, but at least it's a start. We are in contact with about 50 Jaycee Chapters in the state. They do the big thing; they make contacts with prospective employers in their areas and ask them if they will provide employment. Then the Institution Placement Officer takes over. He will give the employer all the information requested. For more information, get in touch with Gene Grant. But this, in itself, is quite a bit; don't you agree?

Getting razor blades in the canteen, getting 10 days good time for giving blood (made possible thru Mr. Dwight, the La Barge Jaycees pushed this), improving the Spanish Fork visiting compound, and getting the Polio Vaccine last year were all Jaycee projects. For the future there is a Mental Health Project and new ideas are always wanted. For progress, join us!

MOUNT POWELL GAVEL CLUB



MONTHLY BUSINESS MEETING

Perhaps business meetings seem mundane or boring to many people because they generally seem to accomplish so little. The Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141, however, accomplished quite a lot thru the Monthly Business Meeting that was held on March 30th.

Toastmasters Program Meetings

For quite a number of months a practical method of using our Basic Training Manual, having proper Parliamentary Training, and enjoying the benefits of a sound Evaluation Period in conjunction with our Main Speeches and Table Topics has been sought. We have already had the necessary materials and rules for each of these items, but our meetings seemed too short to crowd them in. Now, another system that utilizes all of the above has been presented to the club.

The new system is a timed meeting. It allows for 15 minutes to open the meeting, call the roll, read the minutes of the previous meeting, and present visitors and make necessary announcements. Next, 20 minutes are set aside for Parliamentary Training; this is sufficient time to present one item of parliamentary procedure each week. 40 minutes have been set aside for Main (prepared) Speeches--allowing for up-

to five 7-minute speeches or seven 5-minute speeches and the Toastmaster's introductions. 25 minutes have been set aside for Table Topics (extemporaneous speeches); these speeches are generally 2-minutes long with the topic appointed by a Topics Master. Following all the speeches, a 15-minutes-long Evaluation Period has been arranged for and 5 minutes have been set aside to make assignments for following meetings and wind up the meeting. This schedule is designed to keep the meeting moving and allow at least a little training in each area of Toastmasters each week; over the weeks, such training mounts up to a well worthwhile program.

Voting Results

It became necessary to fill some vacancies in our club's offices. Mr. Mel Graves is now our Administrative Vice President and Membership Chairman, Mr. Jim Bolling is our Parliamentarian, and Mr. Carl Thuney is our new Sergeant-at-Arms. These men will serve for one month or until the Quarterly Business Meeting of May 4th. Also, we elected two men into our club, Mr. Ronald Eskildsen and Mr. David Crenshaw; welcome to the club, fellows. Anyone else who is interested in visiting or joining Mount Powell Toastmasters Gavel Club 141 is urged to send his name, institution number, and where he is celling to our Membership Chairman so that he may enter this information to be placed on the unlock listing to attend meetings.

Toastmasters, Come To Prison!

May 13th has been voted on for a meeting with guest Toastmasters from nearby communities. The officers elected at our Quarterly Business Meeting will be installed and Main Speeches will be delivered. Tentative plans include special addresses by Mr. R. L. Dwight, Deputy Warden of the Montana State Prison, and Mr. Ed Solomon, Area Governor for Montana Toastmasters. The program will be somewhat different from our contest meetings as we want to use this meeting with Montana Toastmasters primarily to establish the long-sought-for Inter-Club Committee discussed in past issues of our newsletter. Our contest meeting of February 24th was one of the largest gatherings of Toastmasters in the state outside of the State Convention; we hope to make this even bigger!

BROTHERHOOD

Box 7
Deer Lodge, Montana

MY CONVICT

Lord, please take care of my convict,
Forgive all his wrongs one by one.
Let new dreams patch his heart that's been broken,
And bless him for the good he has done.

Dry the tears from his eyes when he's lonely,
And, I pray, keep him safe and well.
Never leave him alone there to suffer
Behind bars of a locked prison cell.

Please Lord, take care of my convict,
And in some day--somehow, set him free.
You already know how he's paid, Lord,
So, send him home safely to me.

--Author Unknown

MARCH MEETINGS

Mr. Bill McIntyre of the Deer Lodge Lutheran Church was our guest speaker on March 7th. He read several scripture portions out of the latest Bible translation, "God's Message for Modern Man," the New Testament in "common" English. Read were Galatians 5:16-26, Ephesians 3:14-21, and James 1:2-8. Brother McIntyre pointed out that finding Christ is just the beginning of the Christian life, that we need to grow in the love of Christ and that temptations and trials may become a time for rejoicing as they are used for Christian growth. He continued by saying that the victorious Christian life will come as we ask God to fill us with the Holy Spirit as into a vessel, and continue to fill ourselves with His word that the Spirit may break out into Christian witness. A good question and answer session followed.

There were no outside visitors on March 14th, but

on March 21st Brother Gene Bauman and Brother Bill McIntyre both visited the Inside Unit of the Brotherhood. After a fine singspiration they were both asked to speak. Brother Gene Bauman of the Deer Lodge Assembly of God was first. He told us of some of the missionary experiences of Missionaries A. Walker and Nell Hall in Hong Kong, where they taught during the week and preached on Sundays in work sponsored by the Assemblies of God of Canada and the United States. Brother Bill McIntyre presented a message in which he spoke of Christ as a Rock to which each man needs to fasten his anchor if he is to be secure. He also pointed out that the anchor can be a drag if it is not secured to the Rock. To illustrate his message, he gave us the example of a Lutheran couple who were converted to Christ by the power of the Word and then he spoke of taking a personal stand for Christ. It was a good meeting.

The Sacrament of Baptism was administered to two of our Brotherhood members, Leonard Hammer and Frank Johnson, at a Good Friday Communion Service, March 24th. The service was attended by fifteen people, including two outside visitors, Mr. Arnold Quamman and Mr. Gene Bauman. Mr. Quamman is a Ruling Elder in the United Presbyterian Church and assisted Chaplain John Rex in administering the Sacraments. Congratulations, fellows!

Thirty-one men attended the Quarterly Business Meeting of March 28th. Don Dixon was elected President of the Inside Unit, George Yelloweyes was elected Vice President, and Cecil Parker was elected Secretary in an all but unanimous election. A special program was also held following the election, the usual procedure of the By-Laws being by-passed due to an unusual opportunity. Brother Jack Albanese of the Central Assembly of God in Great Falls has been one of our more popular guest speakers whenever he has visited us, but his primary purpose was to acquaint us with Pastor Erwin Rohde. Pastor Rohde told us how his father had been a bootlegger, was converted to Christ, and finally raised four sons who became ministers of the Gospel. Pastor Rohde was contemplating becoming the chaplain of the Lincoln Nebraska Penitentiary when he was asked to pastor the Central Assembly in Great Falls. He delivered a powerful sermon, "How Do You Talk to Yourself," revealing the potential for good each man possesses.

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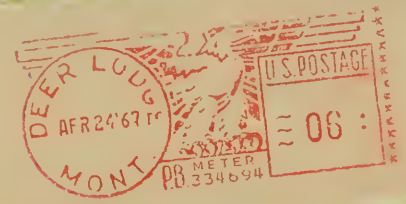

SPECIAL
Fiction issue

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